

breast wishes

A girl's got to do what
a girl's got to do when she
wants bigger boobs.
Jessica Rabbit* remembers
one of her better investments

Once received a birthday card which said on the outside, 'I know a joke so funny you'll laugh your boobs off', and inside it read, 'Oh, I see you've already heard it.' I pretended to laugh when I read it and dutifully passed it around the office for the others to feed off, but inside I was dying.

Standing 5'6" tall, weighing around 55kg and sporting a size 10, girlfriends would wonder what the hell I was complaining about when I lamented my lack of breasts. Most had waists, thighs and butts they'd love to see the back of, but they all also had what counted upfront.

Besides, I wanted boobs. Knockers. Tits. Breasts. Bazookas. I wanted them. I wanted them to jiggle when I ran. I wanted them to hang when I bent over. I wanted to have a cleavage when lying on my tummy reading a book on the beach. I was becoming obsessive about them. Not just mine, but other women's. I would catch myself looking at the breasts of every woman who passed me, thinking about how big they were and what they looked like. Unfortunately, they would often catch me too. I'm surprised I never got belted with a handbag or fondled in the ladies room.

For the sake of my sanity, it was time to go under the knife and a mere 10 days later I was walking into the hospital,

jokes about the glass being half empty or half full. I confirmed my need for symmetry passionately and in full detail, and insisted on seeing the printed admission form, which proved she knew that one and one indeed made sense. But I was only relieved when the surgeon later drew what looked like contour maps of the Italian Alps on both unsuspecting breasts.

Mission accomplished, one day after getting out of hospital not even the searing pain, light-headedness and permanent nausea from a reaction to the painkillers could keep me away from the Woolies lingerie department. It had thrown down the gauntlet many years ago and we had tangoed a private and bloody battle many times. Having taunted and teased me with promises of Wonderbras, push-up bras, push-in and push-out bras, their often still-boxed remains lay decaying in my wardrobe, sharing a secretly tended grave with barely-there and training bras.

But to the victor go the spoils. My sister drove me to that hallowed institution of intimate apparel and, walking gingerly in my unbalanced state, I launched myself at the merchandise. I touched. I fingered. I picked up. I checked sizes for the first time without embarrassment.

No longer would I wander around aimlessly, pathetically stuffing my fist into the cups of lace-edged satin bras, and sighing

clutching my overnight bag and my girlfriend's arm. My apprehension was not calmed when the administrator taking my details asked if I was having a single or bilateral breast augmentation. I had visions of coming out of the anaesthetic to find that they had only topped up one side, and having to endure life-long

No longer would I wander around aimlessly, pathetically stuffing my fist into the cups of lace-edged satin bras, and sighing. After 25 minutes without yet having gotten into my stride, my sister's sibling empathy vanished, as did she. 'Come and get me when you're ready,' she muttered, her adequate breasts

already being complacently closeted in their sexy black holsters.

Yet the ultimate test was still ahead of me, or should I say in front of me? I hadn't actually seen the new me(s). Swathed in bandages and not a little apprehensive, I had been reluctant to view God's silicone creation. But the anticipation of putting on a size 36B-plus bra and having it fit me was too much, now that temptation was staring me in the face, as it were.

Standing in front of a mirror in that particularly unforgiving light specific to women's changing rooms, I thought there must be a more reverential place to be doing this. Slowly removing the rolls of bandages from my chest I was bizarrely reminded of that old movie, *The Invisible Man*, where said man removes all of his bandages only to find absolutely nothing there. I gave a small shudder. And then there they were. Swollen, sore, daubed with flakes of dried blood, tapes across the small incisions, and magnificent! Standing there with my hair a mess and needing a bath, I thought I had never looked so good. I pushed, pulled, lifted and squeezed my (second only to my house and my car) largest capital investment, drinking in the heavenly sight from every direction, and truly loved myself for the first time. I was, indeed, a new woman.

While still in hospital a girlfriend had come to visit and, rather than the tedious fruit and flowers which accompanies an illness, she bore other gifts. A toffee apple (the relevance of which still escapes me), two exquisite matching bra and undies sets, and a card: this one had a simple drawing of a lasciviously smiling face and the words on the outside read, 'Simply irresistible.' Inside she had penned, 'Aren't they!?!' Hallmark, eat your heart out. □

*Name has been changed to protect the writer's breast interests.